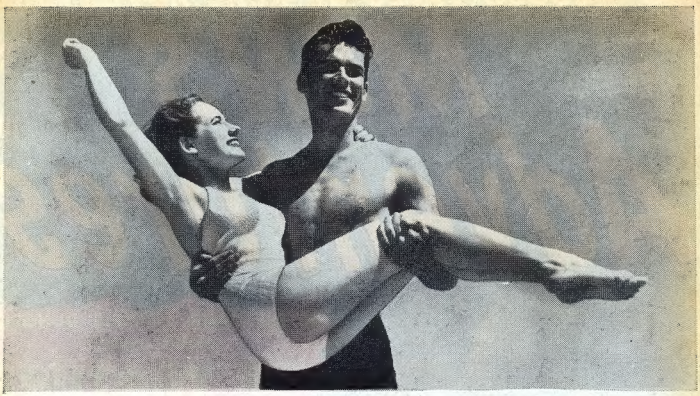
ATLAS
MEN'S ADVENTURES
RUGGED TALES OF REAL ADVENTURE!
NOV.
NO. 24
MEN'S Adventures
10¢
IN THE DARK, FEARFUL DUNGEON YOU'LL MEET...
"THE TORTURE MASTER!"



Skinny Girls Don't Have OOMPH!

It takes those extra lbs. of solid flesh to "bring out" your natural curves

If you're otherwise healthy but skinny, scrawny, rundown and lbs. underweight, try correcting this common mistake in eating.

THERE are three essential substances that many thin, scrawny and undernourished girls may fail to get in sufficient quantity from the food they eat. These substances are Vitamin B_1, calcium phosphate and iron. If, like thousands of others, you are underweight without organic cause . . . never seem to gain a pound . . . are so thin that you look gangling and gawky from insufficient amounts of these precious elements, don't get discouraged.

You may find that by correcting this simple mistake in eating you can easily add firm solid flesh . . . extra alluring pounds that help bring out those natural eye-catching curves. A simple and easy way is to try the amazing new product called Numal that supplies, in significant amounts, the Vitamin B_1, calcium phosphate and iron needed in the daily diet. Plus a food that in itself is a great help in adding extra pounds.

Take 1 heaping teaspoonful of Numal 3 times a day. It is pleasant, assimilable and easy to take. You will get the equivalent in Vitamin B_1 content of 3/4 cakes of average moist baker's yeast . . . the iron equivalent of 15 pounds of tomatoes or 1 2/3 pounds of spinach or 9 pounds of boiled beets...and the calcium equivalent of 4/5ths pint of fresh cow's milk, the phosphorus content of 1 glass.

Remember, if you don't get a sufficient quantity of Vitamin B_1 in your daily diet, you may suffer loss of appetite. And without sufficient iron, the element that helps build rich red blood, you may be rundown, pale, weak and listless. You need calcium phosphate for sound teeth and sturdy bones.

SKINNY MEN ARE NOT ATTRACTIVE EITHER

. . . a skinny, scrawny body is no asset in social or business life. Give NUMAL a chance to build you up, put firm flesh on you.

Numal Must Please You or No Cost

So if you are skinny, gangling and bony from lack of these precious nutrients, don't wait any longer. Get Numal today. You will want those extra pounds that "bring out" your natural eye-catching curves. Take Numal faithfully for a week. See if you can't actually feel the difference . . . gain weight and better color. If after this short period you honestly don't feel Numal has benefited you, just return the bottle for a complete refund of your money. Numal costs but a few cents a day to use.

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GET SET IN YOUR CHAIRS, KIDDIES, AND TURN THE LIGHTS DOWN LOW! OUR OPENING OPUS IS AN ADVENTURE THAT WILL WALLOP YOU IN THE SOLAR PLEXUS AND MAKE YOUR BLOOD FREEZE IN HORROR! FOR NO MAN EVER SUFFERED THE TERRIFYING ORDEAL OF CARL BRAUN!

THE SCREAMING BEASTS!

AFRICA, THE LAND KNOWN AS THE "DARK CONTINENT"... WHERE THE BLACKNESS OF JUNGLE ROT CAN ENTER A MAN'S SOUL AND PULL HIM DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF THE ROARING, SCREAMING, SCREECHING BEASTS OF THE DRIPPING JUNGLE!

CARLSON'S SAFARI CAME OUT OF THE JUNGLE TO BUKAVU AT THE BEGINNING OF THE RAINY SEASON...

YOU JUST BEAT THE RAINS, CARLSON! GET ANY BIG HEADS?

A COUPLE! IT WAS A FAIR HUNT!

SAY, ISN'T THAT MAMBU, CARL BRAUN'S GUN BEARER?

YEAH! WE PICKED HIM UP ON THE EDGE OF LAKE VICTORIA AFTER THE BIG STORM! HE WAS DYING! WON'T LAST LONG, I FEAR!

WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S BRAUN?

THAT'S SOMETHING WE DON'T KNOW!

THE PAIN-SHROUDED EYES OF THE MAN ON THE LITTER OPENED WHEN HE HEARD THE NAME 'BRAUN'!

HE HAD KNOWN CARL BRAUN PERHAPS BETTER THAN ANY OTHER MAN HAD! HIS FEVERISH MIND GROPED BACK! HE REMEMBERED THE TIME BEFORE BRAUN HAD BECOME SO TERRIBLY SCARRED ...WHEN THE WHITE HUNTER HAD BEEN KNOWN TO THE NATIVES AS 'BWANA FRIEND'...

THINK WE'LL GET OUR LEOPARD TODAY, MAMBU?

LISTEN, BWANA...THE MONKEYS CHATTER! SOMETHING STALKS THEM! PERHAPS IT IS THE SPOTTED ONE!

SEE! THERE!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! SOMETHING'S GOT THEM GOING! LISTEN TO THEM SCREAM!

SHEETA THE SPOTTED DEATH!

BRAUN HAD FIRED, BUT IN THAT SPLIT SECOND OF TIME IT TOOK HIS BULLET TO SPEED TO ITS TARGET, ONE OF THE SCREAMING MONKEYS HAD LEAPED INTO THE PATH OF FIRE...

CRACK!

THEN SPITTING, SNARLING, THE SPOTTED DEATH SPRANG DOWN UPON THE WHITE HUNTER!

BANG! BANG!

CLAWS, LIKE WHITE HOT KNIVES, SLASHED AND CUT THROUGH BLOODY FLESH, GRATING ON THE BONE BELOW!

BANG!

THE BEAST SWAYED OVER THE GORY MESS THAT STIRRED BENEATH IT! BRAUN'S SHOTS HAD FOUND THEIR MARK! THE LEOPARD GRUNTED... THEN MAMBU LEAPED FORWARD...

BWANA, I WILL RUN BACK TO CAMP! I WILL GET BEARERS! WE WILL CARRY YOU TO BWANA DOCTOR AT BUKAVU!

THE LEOPARD HAD DONE HIS WORK WELL! THE DOCTOR AT BUKAVU DID WHAT HE COULD TO SUSTAIN LIFE IN BRAUN'S LACERATED BODY...

YOU'RE IN BAD SHAPE! I'VE SEWED YOU UP, BUT I'M AFRAID OF BLOOD POISON SETTING IN! I'M GOING TO SEND YOU TO ENGLAND WHERE THEY MAY BE ABLE TO SAVE YOU... I HAVEN'T THE FACILITIES HERE!

IN ENGLAND, BRAUN HAD RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUNDS, BUT THE SCARS THAT SHOWED ON THE SURFACE WERE, BUT A MIRROR OF THE DEEPER SCARS WITHIN...

LISTEN TO THE BEASTS ROAR AND GRUMBLE! THEY HATE THE CAGES... THE CONFINEMENT! IT ALMOST DRIVES THEM CRAZY! BUT THAT'S WHERE THEY BELONG... BEHIND BARS, THE ROTTEN KILLERS!

MONKEYS! IT WAS A MONKEY THAT WAS THE CAUSE OF THAT LEOPARD GETTING ME! I HATE THEM! THEY'RE LIKE PEOPLE... THE PEOPLE WHO STARE AT ME NOW!! I HATE THEM ALL! MONKEYS... PEOPLE... BEASTS, ALL OF THEM! THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS ONE KIND SPEAKS AND THE OTHER SCREAMS!

THEN BRAUN RETURNED TO AFRICA...

GET SOME BOYS, MAMBU! I GOT A POCKETFUL OF CONTRACTS FROM ZOOS AND CIRCUSES FOR LIVE ANIMALS, ESPECIALLY MONKEYS AND BABOONS! WE'RE GOING UP THE RIVER AND LAKES IN THE BOAT, TRAP THE BEASTS AND BRING THEM BACK ALIVE!

TO HUNT ANIMALS OF JUNGLE IS FAIR, BWANA! BUT TO TRAP THEM... CAGE THEM...

DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF YOUR STINKIN' WITCH-DOCTOR PHILOSOPHY, YOU CRUMMY SAVAGE! GET THE MEN I NEED... AND IF YOU TRY TO SKIP OUT ON ME, I'LL FIND YOU AND SLIT YOUR THROAT!

Y-YES, BWANA!

BRAUN TRAPPED HIS SPECIMENS ALONG THE WATERWAYS OF AFRICA, AND HIS CRUELTY AND SAVAGERY SOON BECAME LEGEND IN THE BACK COUNTRY...

WHAT'RE YOU LAZY PUNKS WAITIN' FOR? DRAG THEM BACK TO THE BOAT!

BUT, BWANA, MANY OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE WILL BE INJURED BY DRAGGING! I FASHION A STAFF SO WE CAN CARRY THE NET FROM OFF THE GROUND!

LET THEM BE INJURED! SO MUCH THE BETTER! DO AS YOU'RE TOLD OR I'LL WHIP THE HIDE OFF YOU!

MOVE! GET THOSE FILTHY MONKS TO THE BOAT!

BWANA, THIS BOY BAD HURT! RIBS CRUSHED! MUST TURN BACK...TAKE BOY TO BWANA DOCTOR IN BUKAVU!

TURN BACK WITH ONLY HALF A CARGO? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! GET THOSE BEASTS LOADED! I'VE GOT A SURE CURE FOR THIS FELLER-BOY!

YEAH....A ***SURE*** CURE!

BANG! BANG!

HE HELD HIS MEN TO HIM BY FEAR, AND THROUGH HIS CRUELTY TO THEM CAUSED THE NATIVES TO CALL HIM "DEVIL"! HIS TREATMENT OF CAPTURED BEASTS WAS EVEN WORSE...

BWANA, WE MUST PUT INTO SHORE TO GATHER FOOD FOR BABOONS WE HAVE CAPTURED, BEFORE WE TURN BACK TO BUKAVU!

LET THE MONKS ***STARVE!*** I LIKE TO HEAR THEM SCREAM FROM HUNGER! AND WE'RE ***NOT*** GOING BACK YET...WE'RE GOING ON!

BUT, BWANA, THE RAINY SEASON IS UPON US! HERE ON BIG LAKE TERRIBLE STORMS COME UP IN A MINUTE! IT IS BAD... THE MEN GRUMBLE!

IF I CATCH ANY BOY GRUMBLING, I'LL SKIN 'IM ALIVE!

SCREAM, YOU DIRTY BEASTS...SCREAM!
BWANA, LOOK--THE SKY!
A STORM COMING OUT OF THE NORTH COUNTRY! IT RUSHES TOWARD US!
GET THE BOAT TO SHORE! GET THOSE LAZY DOGS OF YOURS WORKING! HURRY!
BEFORE THE BOAT COULD BE SWUNG TOWARD SHORE, THE TERRIBLE, FREAKISH STORM HIT THEM!
THE BOAT WILL SINK! THE BOYS GO TO LIFEBOAT!
THAT BOAT WON'T HOLD US ALL IN THIS STORM! GET A CASE OF FOOD, MAMBU...I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE BOYS!
CRACK!
CRACK!
BAM!
COME ON, MAMBU... BRING THE FOOD! THE BOAT'S GOING!
I OPEN CAGES...GIVE BEASTS CHANCE FOR THEIR LIVES!
LET THE BEASTS DROWN! HAH! LISTEN TO THEM SCREAM! THEY KNOW WHAT'S COMIN' TO THEM!
ABOVE THE FURIOUS SOUND OF THE STORM, THE SCREAMS OF THE BEASTS COULD BE HEARD...CRIES OF ABYSMAL FEAR AND RAGE!
THE CURRENT WILL CARRY THIS BOAT DOWN THE RIVER TOWARD LAKE TANGANYIKA AND BUKAVU! WITH THIS FOOD WE'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT!
THE STORM MIGHT GO ON FOR DAYS, KEEPING US HERE ON THE LAKE UNTIL CALMNESS COMES AND WE FLOAT WITH THE CURRENT! THERE IS NOT FOOD ENOUGH IN THIS ONE CASE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, MAMBU! ONE MAN MIGHT GET THROUGH WITH THIS CASE OF FOOD...BUT *NOT TWO* MEN!

AAARGH!

THE BULLET HAD PLOUGHED HIGH UP INTO MAMBU'S CHEST! HE CHOKED ON WATER AS THE SKY VANISHED ABOVE HIM, BUT HIS HAND HAD STRUCK SOMETHING AND CLUNG TO IT...

HE HAD CLUNG TO THE BROKEN CAGE! HIS HEAD PUSHED ABOVE WATER AND HE SAW THE BABOONS SWIMMING TOWARD THE BOAT...

CRACK!

THE BABOONS CLIMBED INTO THE BOAT...THERE WERE TOO MANY FOR BRAUN TO FIGHT OFF! THEN THE SCREAM HAD COME...A BEAST'S SCREAM, BUT FROM THE THROAT OF A MAN!

AAARRGGHH!

THEN MAMBU HAD PLUNGED DOWN INTO THE BLACK DEPTHS OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS! NOW HE HAD COME TO, IN BUKAVU, AND REMEMBERED...

LOOK, BWANA... BOAT DRIFTS TO DOCK!

THEY HURRIED TO THE DOCK! THE BATTERED BOAT, CARRIED BY THE CURRENT, SWUNG IN TOWARD THE SHORE...

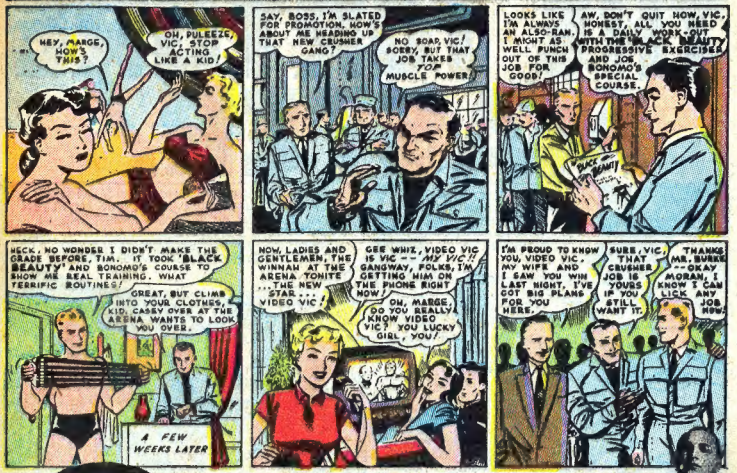
IT'S BRAUN'S LIFEBOAT...FILLED WITH BABOONS! BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAUN?

THE BOAT CAME CLOSER...THE BABOONS SCREAMED! THE MEN SAW WHAT LAY IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT, AND MAMBU REMEMBERED THE CASE OF PRECIOUS FOOD FALLING OVER THE SIDE WHEN THE BEASTS HAD ATTACKED...AND THEY *KNEW THEN* WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO CARL BRAUN!

THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

How 'BLACK BEAUTY' TURNS AN ALSO-RAN into "VIDEO VIC!"


HEY, MARGE, HOW'S THIS?
OH, PULEEZE, VIC, STOP ACTING LIKE A KID!
SAY, BOSS, I'M SLATED FOR PROMOTION, HOW'S ABOUT ME HEADING UP THAT NEW CRUSHER GANG?
NO SOAP, VIC! SORRY, BUT THAT JOB TAKES FOR MUSCLE POWER!
LOOKS LIKE I'M ALWAYS AN ALSO-RAN. I'LL PROBABLY WELL PUNCH OUT OF THIS JOB FOR GOOD!
AW, DON'T QUIT NOW, VIC. HONEST, ALL YOU NEED IS A DAILY WORK-OUT WITH THE BLACK BEAUTY PROGRESSIVE EXERCISER AND JOE BONOMO'S SPECIAL COURSE.
BLACK BEAUTY
HECK, NO WONDER I DIDN'T MAKE THE GRADE BEFORE, TIM. IT TOOK 'BLACK BEAUTY' AND BONOMO'S COURSE TO SHOW ME REAL TRAINING. WHAT TERRIFIC ROUTINES!
GREAT, BUT CLIMB INTO YOUR CLOTHES, KID. CASEY OVER AT THE ARENA WANTS TO LOOK YOU OVER.
A FEW WEEKS LATER
NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE WINNAH AT THE ARENA TONITE ... THE NEW STAR ... VIDEO VIC!
GEE WHIZ, VIDEO VIC IS VIC — MY VIC!! GANGWAY, FOLKS, I'M GETTING HIM ON THE PHONE RIGHT NOW!
OH, MARGE, DO YOU REALLY KNOW VIDEO VIC? YOU LUCKY GIRL, YOU!
I'M PROUD TO KNOW YOU, VIDEO VIC. MY WIFE AND I SAW YOU WIN LAST NIGHT. I'VE GOT BIG PLANS FOR YOU HERE.
SURE, VIC. THAT CRUSHER JOB IS YOURS IF YOU STILL WANT IT.
THANKS MR. BURKE ... OKAY MORAN, I KNOW I CAN LICK ANY JOB NOW.

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DO YOU HAVE A WEAK STOMACH? IF YOU HAVE THEN YOU'D BETTER NOT READ THIS STORY! WHAT IS WRITTEN HERE, IS THE BRUTAL, UNVARNISHED TRUTH, AND MANY TIMES TRUTH IS WORSE THAN ANY FICTIONAL DEPRAVITY THE MIND OF MAN CAN INVENT! THE SCENE BELOW TOOK PLACE IN GERMANY, IN THE KESSELWALD CONCENTRATION CAMP, IN 1944...

THE TORTURE MASTER!

THOSE DIED OVERNIGHT, HERR COMMANDANT! WE WILL PUT THEM IN THE FREEZER FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE!
THROW THEM IN THE DITCH AND BURN THEM! I WISH TO EXPERIMENT ONLY ON LIVING FLESH FROM NOW ON! AH, THIS IS A FRESH ONE, IN GOOD FLESH! I SHALL OPERATE ON HIM! REMIND ME TO TAKE ENOUGH SKIN FROM HIS BACK TO FASHION A LAMPSHADE!

THE WAR IS OVER NOW, AND IN THE RUBBLE LEFT IN ITS WAKE, GERMANY REBUILDS...

IT'S DATED 1944! I CAN'T MAKE OUT THE GUY'S NAME... IT'S COVERED WITH BROWN SPOTS...PROBABLY BLOOD!
LOOK...ON THE OTHER PAGE! THE GUY SAYS HE WAS IN A BOMBER SHOT DOWN OVER GERMANY AND THEY SENT HIM TO THIS CAMP!

THIS SIGN I FIND!
KESSELWALD! I REMEMBER HEARIN' ABOUT THAT NOTORIOUS PRISON! THAT'S WHERE THAT LOUSE THEY CALLED "THE TORTURE MASTER" WAS IN COMMAND!
COMMANDANT HEINRICH VON BRENNER, THE NAZI BUTCHER BOY!
KESSELWALD

YES, KESSELWALD, THE NOTORIOUS CONCENTRATION CAMP WITH THE SHOCKING HISTORY! IT WAS ALL IN THE DIARY, WRITTEN IN BLOOD...SO VIVIDLY BRUTAL THAT THE MIND REELED BACK TO 1944...TO KESSELWALD AS IT HAD BEEN THEN...

AND TO COMMANDANT HEINRICH VON BRENNER, THE NAZI BUTCHER!

GOOD! SO MANY MORE MARKS IN OUR OWN POCKETS! SEPARATE THE STRONGEST ONES, FEED THEM SOME SLOP AND KEEP THEM IN THE STOCKADE! I FEEL IN THE MOOD FOR SOME EXPERIMENTATION TO TEST MY MEDICAL SKILL!

HOW CAN ONE ACCOUNT FOR A BEAST LIKE BRENNER INHABITING HUMAN FORM? HE HAD BEEN A MEAT CUTTER IN HIS FATHER'S BUTCHER SHOP AND HAD DREAMED OF BEING A SURGEON! UNDER HITLER THE SHEER VICIOUSNESS OF THE MAN'S SADISM HAD BROUGHT HIM POWER IN THE PARTY!
BRING THE ARM TRANSPLANT TO THE OPERATING ROOM! I WILL EXAMINE IT!
THROW THE OTHERS IN A TRENCH, POUR GASOLINE OVER THEM AND BURN THEM! DO NOT BOTHER TO KILL THEM FIRST! BULLETS ARE PRECIOUS! OUT OF THE WAY, DOG!
YOU WILL BE PUT IN WITH THE OTHERS! LISTEN WELL AND REPORT TO ME WHAT IS SAID! YOU UNDERSTAND?
YES, SIR... YES!
HE PLAYED AT BEING A SURGEON, TAMPERING HORRIBLY WITH THE BODIES OF THE PRISONERS! HIS SADISTIC EXPERIMENTS WERE A MACABRE NIGHTMARE!
I GRAFTED A HEALTHY ARM ONTO THIS STUMP AFTER WE CUT OFF THE PRISONER'S ORIGINAL LIMB! I WAS SURE IT WOULD GROW, BUT IT DID'NT! IT IS DEAD! I GET NO COOPERATION...THAT'S WHAT THE TROUBLE IS!
YOU WOULD MAKE A FOOL OF ME, ENGLISH SWINE?
COMMANDANT! A CALL FROM BERLIN! HERR HIMMLER OF THE SECRET POLICE!
AH, HERR HIMMLER! DELIGHTED TO HEAR FROM YOU! WHAT? NO, OF COURSE I HAVE NOT FOUND THE INFORMATION LEAK! IT COULD NOT BE FROM HERE! YES, YES... I WILL CERTAINLY MAKE EVERY EFFORT!
THE EVIL SMILE REMAINED ON HIS FACE, BUT IN HIS MIND THE BLACKNESS OF FEAR AND SUSPICION STIRRED LIKE A SNAKE!
I HAVE NOT TAKEN THIS LEAK OF INFORMATION TOO SERIOUSLY! BUT NOW THEY HAVE TRACED IT TO THIS LOCALITY! THAT IS NOT GOOD FOR ME! WHO CAN IT BE?
3
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

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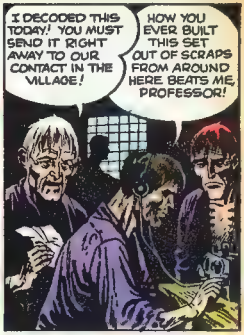
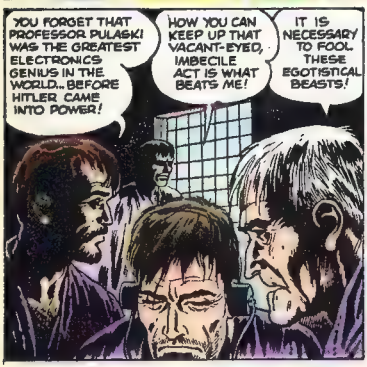
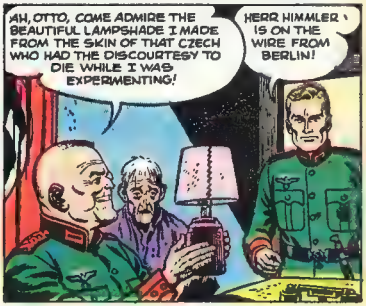
CAN IT BE HANS? PAUL? OTTO? NO! THEY ARE LOYAL NAZIS! BESIDES, THEY DO NOT HAVE THE BRAINS TO BREAK THE PARTY CODE AND INTERCEPT MESSAGES! IT MUST BE SOMEONE FROM ONE OF THE NEARBY VILLAGES! IT CAN'T BE THE PRISONERS...THEY'RE HELPLESS!

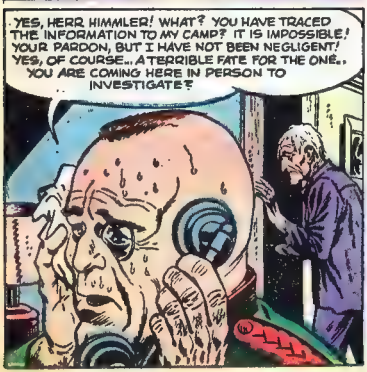
SO BRENNER SWEATED IN UNEASY FEAR, WHILE IN THE STOCKADE...


I DECODED THIS TODAY! YOU MUST SEND IT RIGHT AWAY TO OUR CONTACT IN THE VILLAGE!
HOW YOU EVER BUILT THIS SET OUT OF SCRAPS FROM AROUND HERE BEATS ME, PROFESSOR!

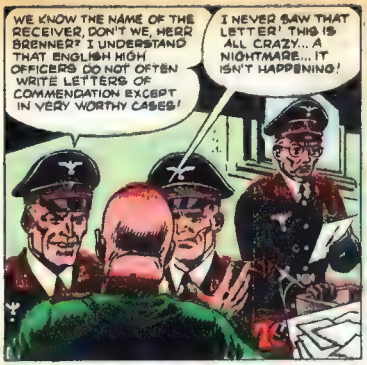

YOU FORGET THAT PROFESSOR PULASKI WAS THE GREATEST ELECTRONICS GENIUS IN THE WORLD...BEFORE HITLER CAME INTO POWER!
HOW YOU CAN KEEP UP THAT VACANT-EYED, IMBECILE ACT IS WHAT BEATS ME!
IT IS NECESSARY TO FOOL THESE EGOTISTICAL BEASTS!

TIME PASSED! EACH DAY BROUGHT ITS QUOTA OF DEATHS BY STARVATION, EXPOSURE, SICKNESS, WHOLESALE MURDER, OR UNDER THE SURGICAL KNIVES OF BRENNER, THE TORTURE MASTER!


AH, OTTO, COME ADMIRE THE BEAUTIFUL LAMPSHADE I MADE FROM THE SKIN OF THAT CZECH WHO HAD THE DISCOURTESY TO DIE WHILE I WAS EXPERIMENTING!
HERR HIMMLER IS ON THE WIRE FROM BERLIN!


YES, HERR HIMMLER! WHAT? YOU HAVE TRACED THE INFORMATION TO MY CAMP? IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! YOUR PARDON, BUT I HAVE NOT BEEN NEGLIGENT! YES, OF COURSE...A TERRIBLE FATE FOR THE ONE.. YOU ARE COMING HERE IN PERSON TO INVESTIGATE?

THE SECRET POLICE HAVE TRACED THE INFORMATION LEAKAGE TO THIS CAMP! HIMMLER HIMSELF IS COMING HERE TO INVESTIGATE! NOW I HAVE A PLAN! I WANT ANYTHING THAT CONNECTS ANY OF YOU WITH YOUR FORMER SERVICE!
HERE'S A MEDAL I WON THAT I STASHED AWAY!
I HID THIS LITTLE FLAG!
I WAS IN THE INTELLIGENCE! I HID THIS LETTER FROM MY COMMANDING OFFICER COMMENDING ME ON MY WORK... I EFFACED MY NAME WHEN I WAS CAPTURED!
THE DAY CAME! HIMMLER, THE MOST FEARED MAN IN GERMANY, ROARED UP TO KESSELWALD...HIMMLER WHO SELDOM SPOKE, BUT WHOSE EYES WERE SAID TO SPEAK FOR HIM, LIKE THE EYES OF DEATH!
WELCOME TO KESSELWALD, YOUR EXCELLENCY!
I AM SURE YOU WILL FIND YOU HAVE MADE A MISTAKE! THERE CAN BE NO TRAITORS HERE!
THE COMMANDANT OF THE SECRET POLICE NEVER MAKES MISTAKES! THERE IS A TRAITOR HERE! WE SAY IT!
HIMMLER DIDN'T SPEAK BUT HIS ICE-BLUE EYES PIERCED BRENNER LIKE KNIVES! FEAR FLOODED OVER THE TORTURE MASTER IN WAVES!
YOUR PARDON, EXCELLENCY! I DID NOT MEAN TO QUESTION YOUR EFFICIENCY! I MERELY...
WHAT'S THIS? AN AMERICAN FLAG! WHAT WOULD A GOOD NAZI BE DOING WITH AN AMERICAN FLAG?
AMERICAN FLAG? I...I NEVER SAW IT BEFORE!
AND AN ALLIED MEDAL ONLY GIVEN TO THOSE WHO HAVE GREATLY SERVED THE ALLIED CAUSE!
I SWEAR THE MEDAL ISN'T MINE! I DON'T KNOW HOW IT GOT THERE!
A LETTER...WRITTEN IN ENGLISH! THE NAME OF THE RECEIVER HAS BEEN OBLITERATED!


WE KNOW THE NAME OF THE RECEIVER, DON'T WE, HERR BRENNER? I UNDERSTAND THAT ENGLISH HIGH OFFICERS DO NOT OFTEN WRITE LETTERS OF COMMENDATION EXCEPT IN VERY WORTHY CASES!
I NEVER SAW THAT LETTER! THIS IS ALL CRAZY... A NIGHTMARE... IT ISN'T HAPPENING!

YES, IT IS THE CODE! NO ONE ELSE IN THIS CAMP WOULD HAVE THE INTELLIGENCE TO BREAK IT BUT BRENNER! I UNDERSTAND HE WAS A SURGEON... A MEDICAL EXPERIMENTALIST!
NO, NO! I SPREAD THAT STORY! I WAS A BUTCHER! I COULDN'T BREAK THE CODE! I DON'T KNOW HOW THAT BOOK GOT IN MY DESK! PLEASE BELIEVE ME! I BEG OF YOU!

THEN HIMMLER SPOKE!

THIS TRAITOR IS STRIPPED OF HIS COMMAND! THROW HIM IN WITH THE OTHER PRISONERS OF THE THIRD REICH! WE WILL CONSIDER HIS CASE AT LEISURE!

THAT WAS THE STORY THE LITTLE DIARY TOLD.. THE DIARY WITH THE BROWN STAINS, FOUND IN THE RUBBLE LEFT BY A DEVASTATING WAR!

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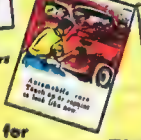

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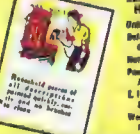

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TERROR AT THE WAYSIDE INN!

JOEL MORSE was a man who liked his walking. He walked to work every morning . . . it was a couple of miles. And the pavements of London streets can be mighty hard too! But Joel never seemed to feel any discomforts. During his lunch period, Joel didn't loiter near the office building to exchange gossip with his fellow employees, nor did he stand in front of the shop windows on the street and gaze at the delightful sporting goods or trinkets on display there. Not Joel! He devoted the greater part of his lunch hour in walking briskly along the avenue until he reached a certain point where he knew he must turn back in order to arrive in his office just as the lunch period was over.

And as if this walking were not enough to tire any man, Joel never settled down to his evening paper after supper before he had taken a promenade around the neighborhood. And what did he do during his vacation at Brighton or some other seaside resort? Swim? Not on your life! Ten to one Joel would be found strolling along the boardwalk, up and back, up and back, for hours. If Joel was a fat man and was trying to work off excess poundage, well one could understand his obsession with these walking marathons. But Joel Morse was a lean man, wiry, without a pound of extra fat on him. So with Joel, it was a case of loving to walk because it kept him on the go. He couldn't endure lengthy periods of inactivity and immobility. It was perhaps a reaction to his dull job which kept him at his desk most of the day, copying figures from various sheets of paper and recording them in large ledgers. With such a boring job, who wouldn't want to go to the other extreme and keep on the move during free hours?

Of course this walking habit managed to get Joel into trouble once or twice. For example, one day he decided to try a new route for his lunch hour promenade. He miscalculated the distance, and arrived back in the office nearly ten minutes after the lunch period had ended! Well, the office manager certainly did not spare poor Joel for this laxity. And what of the traffic that Joel had to pass through during his walks? There were times when he became so engrossed in his stride, experimenting with shorter steps or longer steps, as the case may be, and he would start across the intersection without bothering to check the auto traffic situation. Brakes would screech and drivers cursed the absent-minded stroller who seemed to hold his own life so lightly.

Well, it was Joel Morse's disregard for the passing world that really doomed him. If he had kept his wits about him, this terrible thing would not have happened to him. But it did, in the following strange circumstances: It was a Sunday and Joel, of course, was not working that day. Now an ordinary man would stay at home to rest up from his week of labor. But not Joel. After downing his substantial breakfast, he walked out of the house where he occupied a couple of furnished rooms. Down the street he went, heading for the public park a few miles away. But for some strange reason, Joel never reached the park. For, before he was aware of what had happened, he suddenly found himself standing on a completely deserted street on the outskirts of London! If his life depended on it, Joel could not have told you how he got there for he just could not remember! It seemed that only a brief moment before he was in Berkeley Square and had stepped off the curb to cross the street. And the very next thing he was aware of, he was standing here on this deserted street somewhere outside of the big metropolis. Everything looked strange to him for he had never wandered this far from his own neighborhood before. As Joel stood there trying to figure out what to do, it started to rain.

As if matters were not bad enough, he had to be caught in the rain without a raincoat or an umbrella! The weather had certainly not appeared to be threatening that morning when he walked out of the house. And then Joel noticed for the first time an entrance to an underground station, a short distance away. In New York, of course, they call it the subway. But Joel called it blessed and hurried toward the entrance, then down the steps to the platform below ground where one is supposed to pay his fare on entering and then wait for the train to come along. But Joel was amazed to discover that there was no agent on duty there. Not only that, but there were also no passengers waiting on the platform for the train to come along. And then Joel realized that it might be the very first station of this particular line; the train into London started at this point, and *he* just happened to be the only one who was waiting for the new train at the moment. But why no agent on duty? And how *did* he get here on the outskirts of the city in the first place?

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY

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NO BOOK OF RUGGED TALES FOR MEN WOULD BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A STORY OF THE PRIZE FIGHTING GAME! BUT TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT...CALLING BOXING A "GAME" IS A MISNOMER, 'CAUSE THESE CHARACTERS PLAY "FOR KEEPS"...AND OFTEN THE PRIZE IS A ONE-WAY TICKET...TO OBLIVION!

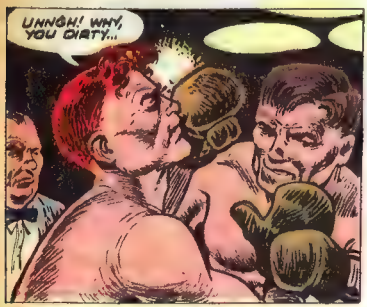
NO GUTS

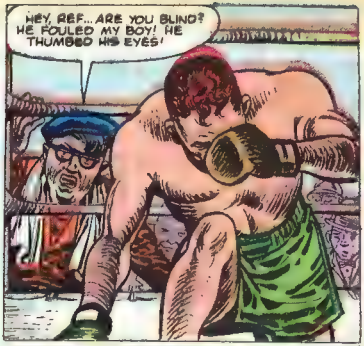
BACK IN 1935, A FIGHT FAN WOULD HAVE TO LOOK HARD TO FIND THE NAME OF JOHNNY HOYT! IT WAS THERE, OF COURSE...THERE WITH THE NAMES OF HUNDREDS OF UNKNOWNS BRAVELY TRYING TO BATTLE THEIR WAY TO FAME AND FORTUNE! BUT WITH JOHNNY HOYT IT WAS DIFFERENT! HE WAS READY TO SWAP HIS LIFE FOR A NICHE IN RINGDOM'S HALL OF FAME, EVEN IF DEATH ITSELF WERE THE REFEREE!

IT WAS JOHNNY HOYT VERSUS JOE CULLEN IN THE PRELIMINARIES OF AN AUGUST TITLE BOUT IN ST. LOUIS! BOTH MEN WERE THROWING THEIR BEST IN THAT FIRST ROUND... BOTH EQUALLY MATCHED!

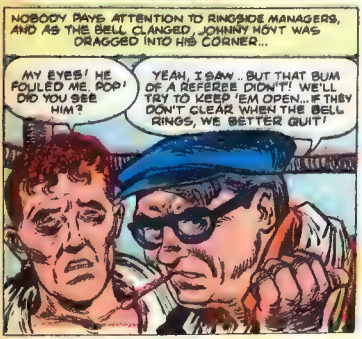
ONLY THE RINGSIDERS AND THE REFEREE SAW WHAT HAPPENED NEXT! TEN SECONDS BEFORE THE BELL, BOTH MEN BASHED THEIR WAY INTO A CLINCH...

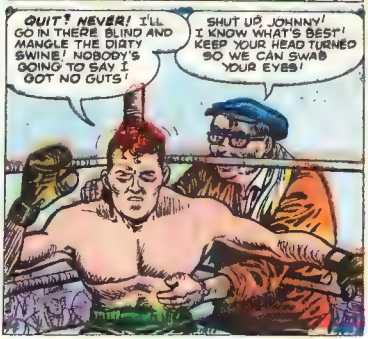
CULLEN BROKE FIRST, AND AS HE SLID AWAY HE SENT A DIRTY RIGHT SMASHING UP INTO JOHNNY HOYT'S EYES..



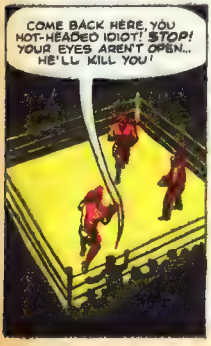


NOBODY PAYS ATTENTION TO RINGSIDE MANAGERS, AND AS THE BELL CLANGED, JOHNNY HOYT WAS DRAGGED INTO HIS CORNER...

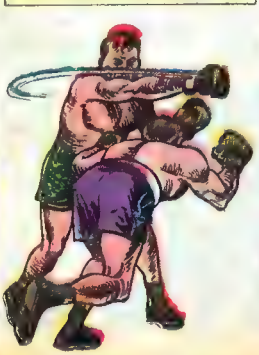

MY EYES! HE FOULED ME, POP! DID YOU SEE HIM?
YEAH, I SAW.. BUT THAT BUM OF A REFEREE DIDN'T! WE'LL TRY TO KEEP 'EM OPEN... IF THEY DON'T CLEAR WHEN THE BELL RINGS, WE BETTER QUIT!


QUIT? NEVER! I'LL GO IN THERE BLIND AND MANGLE THE DIRTY SWINE! NOBODY'S GOING TO SAY I GOT NO GUTS!
SHUT UP, JOHNNY! I KNOW WHAT'S BEST! KEEP YOUR HEAD TURNED SO WE CAN SWAB YOUR EYES!

THE BELL RANG FOR THE SECOND ROUND! JOHNNY'S EYES WEREN'T QUITE OPEN, BUT BEFORE POP WEST COULD STOP HIM, HE WAS PLUNGING IN!



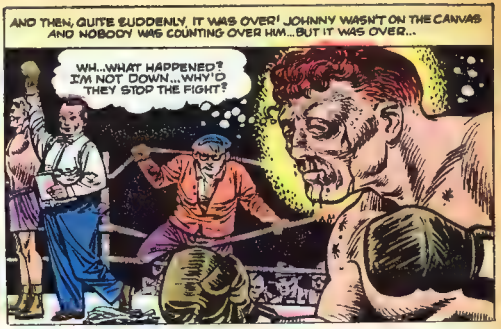
WHAT JOHNNY SAW WAS A BLUR, BUT HE HEADED FOR THAT BLUR, HIS FISTS EAGERLY SEEKING HIS OPPONENT AND FINDING THIN AIR...



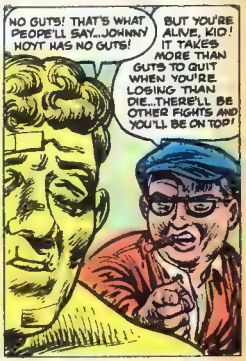
IT WAS EASY FOR CULLEN'S FISTS TO FIND JOHNNY! HE HAD ONLY TO DUCK THE FIRST BLOWS AND THEN SURGE IN TO HAMMER THE BLINDED KID WITH MURDEROUS BLOWS!

THE BLUR GREW WORSE! WITH HIS BODY ALMOST SMASHED TO A PULP, JOHNNY COULD HEAR THE BLOOD-CRIES OF THE SPECTATORS URGING HIM ON TO CERTAIN RUIN!

AND THEN, QUITE SUDDENLY, IT WAS OVER! JOHNNY WASN'T ON THE CANVAS AND NOBODY WAS COUNTING OVER HIM...BUT IT WAS OVER...



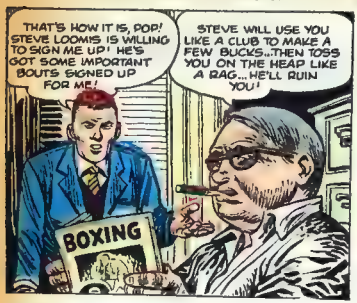
SOMETHING DIED INSIDE OF JOHNNY HOYT THAT DAY, AND SOMETHING ELSE WAS BORN...

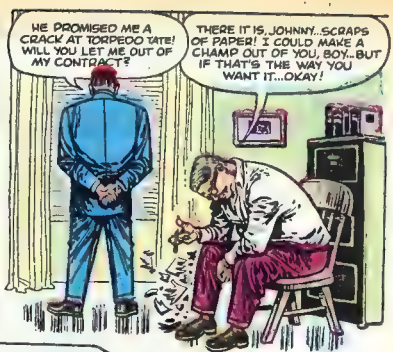

NO GUTS! THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE'LL SAY...JOHNNY HOYT HAS NO GUTS!
BUT YOU'RE ALIVE, KID! IT TAKES MORE THAN GUTS TO QUIT WHEN YOU'RE LOSING THAN DIE...THERE'LL BE OTHER FIGHTS AND YOU'LL BE ON TOP!

POP, I'VE GOT GUTS! I'M NO QUITTER! I'M GOING TO PROVE THAT!
SURE, JOHNNY...YOU'LL PROVE IT, OKAY! YOU PROVED IT TODAY! YOU WOULD HAVE STUCK, BUT THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN YOUR LAST FIGHT!
BOXING

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, JOHNNY HOYT SHUNNED THE GYMS AND THE HAUNTS OF FIGHTERS, WHILE AN OBSESSION GRIPPED HIS MIND...

SO JOHNNY HOYT TOOK THE FIRST STEP IN CHANGING HIS LUCK... A VERY FATEFUL STEP..

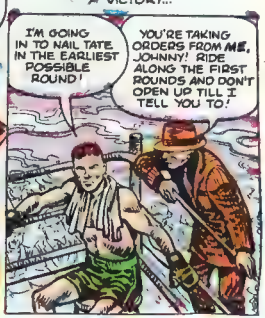

THAT'S HOW IT IS, POP! STEVE LOOMIS IS WILLING TO SIGN ME UP! HE'S GOT SOME IMPORTANT BOUTS SIGNED UP FOR ME!
STEVE WILL USE YOU LIKE A CLUB TO MAKE A FEW BUCKS...THEN TOSS YOU ON THE HEAP LIKE A RAG... HE'LL RUIN YOU!
BOXING


HE PROMISED ME A CRACK AT TORPEDO TATE! WILL YOU LET ME OUT OF MY CONTRACT?
THERE IT IS, JOHNNY...SCRAPS OF PAPER! I COULD MAKE A CHAMP OUT OF YOU, BOY...BUT IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT...OKAY!

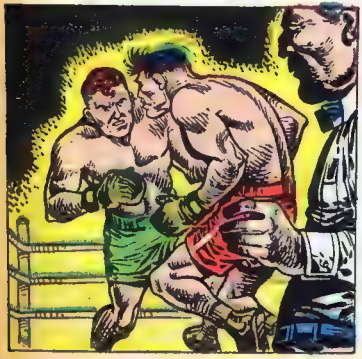
JOHNNY WON HIS FIRST FOUR FIGHTS, BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE SETUPS...SITTING DUCKS ARRANGED BY A CROOK WHO DELT IN HUMAN FLESH!

YOU MEAN HE AIN'T GONNA WIN THAT BOUT WITH TATE?
HE CAN BEAT TATE, BUT I DON'T WANT HIM TO! MY DOUGH IS ON TATE, SO I'LL HOLD THE KID BACK TILL TATE TIRES HIM OUT... THEN IT'LL BE ALL OVER!

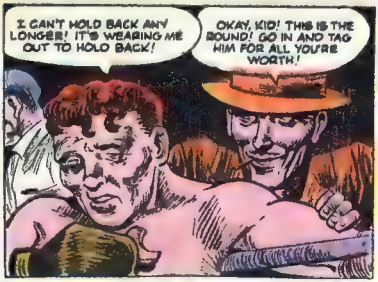
THE ARENA WAS PACKED FOR THE HOYT-TATE BOUT! JOHNNY WAS PRIME AND READY...HIS APPETITE KEEN FOR A VICTORY...


I'M GOING IN TO NAIL TATE IN THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE ROUND!
YOU'RE TAKING ORDERS FROM ME, JOHNNY! RIDE ALONG THE FIRST ROUNDS AND DON'T OPEN UP TILL I TELL YOU TO!

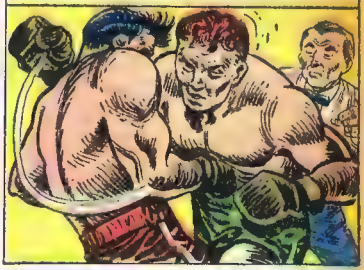
SO JOHNNY HELD BACK, LASHING OUT NOW AND THEN TO TAG THE POWERFUL TATE WITH VICIOUS JABS...BUT HOLDING BACK HIS BEST...

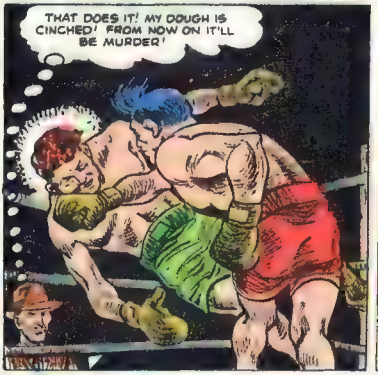


TWO ROUNDS WENT BY, THEN THREE, THEN FOUR! THE RAZOR-SHARP EDGE OF FIGHTING TRIM HAD LEFT JOHNNY AND IN ITS PLACE CAME A DULL, DEADLY SUFFUSION OF FATIGUE...

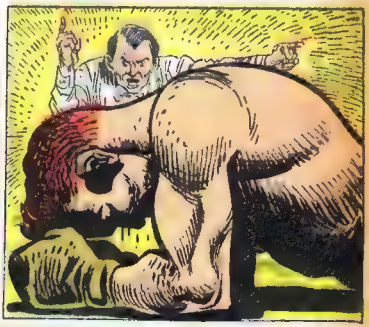


BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! TORPEDO TATE HAD CONSERVED HIS STRENGTH AND NOW HE UNLEASHED HIS MURDEROUS RIGHTS ON A SPIRITLESS OPPONENT...





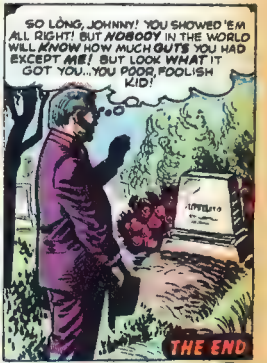
A STAGGERING GHOST REELED IN THE RING DURING THE SEVENTH AND EIGHTH ROUNDS! A DOZEN TIMES THE REFEREE HAD BEGUN TO COUNT, BUT SHEER GUTS BROUGHT JOHNNY HOYT TO HIS FEET...



IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN STOPPED, FOR INSIDE THE RING WAS A DYING SOUL..

THEN IT WAS OVER! THE BATTERED HULK SPRAWLED ON THE DRESSING ROOM TABLE BEGAN TO MUMBLE MEANINGLESS WORDS...

A LONE MAN REMAINED AT THE FRESHLY DUG GRAVE! THE OTHERS HAD LEFT BECAUSE THE FORMALITIES WERE OVER...


SO LONG, JOHNNY! YOU SHOWED 'EM ALL RIGHT! BUT NOBODY IN THE WORLD WILL KNOW HOW MUCH GUTS YOU HAD EXCEPT ME! BUT LOOK WHAT IT GOT YOU...YOU POOR, FOOLISH KID!
THE END

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..CONTINUED

There were many questions Joel would be asking before much more time passed!

At last a train came along and stopped. Its doors opened and Joel entered. The train was deserted. There were no signs to indicate where the train was going, but he figured it *must* be going toward the heart of London, since the station where he was getting on was obviously the end of the line. Joel sat down as the doors closed and the train started on its way. As the train made its journey, it made a few stops. Joel was astounded to see that the passengers who entered seemed to be in some sort of a trance. And they were speechless and without expression! Joel began to feel uneasy, for no one would reply to his queries.

The train finally reached a place where a voice said over a loudspeaker: "End of the line! Everybody out!" Puzzled, Joel followed the other passengers out. Where was he, he wondered. The people climbed a flight of stairs and came out into an isolated country area. But Joel had expected to find himself in the heart of the city! There was a Wayside Inn there, the only structure in view. Everyone entered the inn and Joel followed close behind. He was curious to see what all this would lead to. But inside the inn, he got the shock of his life! For suddenly his fellow passengers were transformed into ghosts! They had become spectral figures, and Joel could see right through them! He alone remained solid in form!

There was a desk clerk standing at his post and he was checking the names of the passengers off the list, since they had "reservations". When Joel stood before him, the desk clerk was surprised to see that he was *not* spectral like the others. When Joel gave his full name, the desk clerk looked through his list, his agitation increasing visibly. The name of Joel Morse was *not* on the "guest" list!

"We were not expecting you!" the desk clerk cried. "Your time isn't due yet!"

And it was then that Joel Morse realized where he was! This was the way-station for the dead on their journey from the land of the living to the mysterious beyond! But how had *he* gotten mixed up with this group of travelers on that special underground train? Joel began to get angry and he demanded that he be sent back on the underground train which had brought him to this inn.

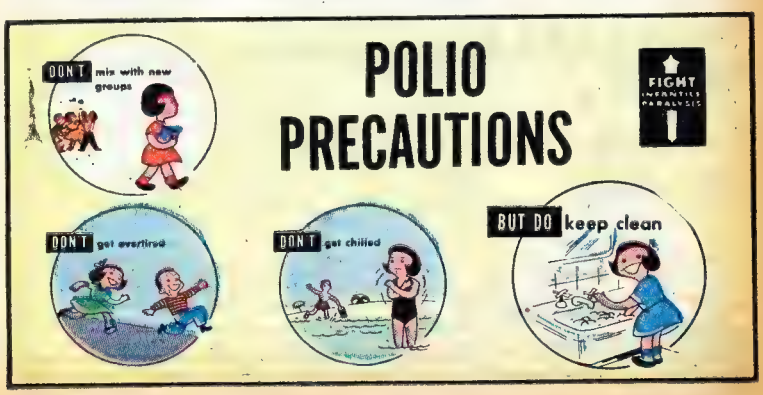
"No!" the desk clerk told him. "You have seen that which mortals are not permitted to see or to know about! It is unfortunate that you came on this trip by mistake. Now *you must* go on the longer journey, with the others!"

And as Joel Morse struggled in vain, a chloroform mask was being forced over his face by someone. He fell, unconscious.

Back in a London hospital another scene was taking place. Joel Morse was lying on an operating table! And the surgeon who had just operated on him was saying dejectedly:

"I thought we could pull this hit-and-run auto victim through! I can't understand it! The operation seemed to be successful. Something *unexplainable* must have happened. He's dead!"

THE END D-251



SO JOHNNY FINALLY SHOWED HE HAD "GUTS"...BUT HE HAD TO DO IT THE *HARD* WAY! HAVE *YOU* EVER WONDERED WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE BURIED ALIVE? COME ALONG WITH US AND WITNESS THE TERRIFYING NIGHTMARE WHICH BEFALLS THESE RUGGED COAL MINERS!

BURIED ALIVE!

IT'S ANOTHER BLOOMIN' CAVE-IN! QUICK...MAKE FOR THE LIFT BEFORE THE WHOLE BLINKIN' LOT OF US GETS *BURIED ALIVE!*
THE NAME TITUS WARWICK WAS SYNONYMOUS WITH WEALTH AND POWER IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD OF 1907... BUT, TO THE MEN WHO SLAVED IN THE WARWICK COAL MINES IN ENGLAND, THE NAMED SPELLED... M-U-R-D-E-R!
OW-W!
HELP! DON'T LEAVE ME! HELP!
THE STEAM WHISTLE SHRIEKED THE DREADED NEWS OF THE CAVE-IN TO ALL THE MINERS' FAMILIES THAT APRIL 17, 1907. BUT IT WAS SHOUTED TO TITUS WARWICK BY HIS SON CLYDE..
DAD! SHAFT NUMBER THREE CAVED IN... AND THERE'S A FULL SHIFT IN THAT MINE!
BLAST THE LUCK! THAT'LL PUT ME BEHIND ON ALL DELIVERIES!

DELIVERIES? HOW CAN YOU THINK OF DELIVERIES WHEN THE LIVES OF TWENTY-FIVE MINERS ARE AT STAKE?
THE SAME WAY I'VE THOUGHT OF THEM IN THE PAST TWENTY YEARS WHEN I WAS PULLING THE NAME OF WARWICK OUT OF THE GUTTER TO THE TOP OF THE HEAP!
AND YOU ARE THE REASON I DID IT, CLYDE! YOUR MOTHER DIED WHEN YOU WERE BORN . . BECAUSE I WAS TOO POOR TO AFFORD A DOCTOR! I PROMISED THEN THAT YOU'D HAVE EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD... MONEY... POWER...
I KNOW, DAD.. YOU'VE TOLD ME BEFORE! BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE MEN IN THE CAVED-IN MINE?
WARWICK ST
YEAH, WARWICK. WHAT ABOUT 'EM? MY KID BROTHER'S DOWN THERE AND...
.. AND I DON'T GIVE A BLASTED TWO PENCE WHO'S DOWN THERE, JOHNSON! YOU CAN'T COME BUSTING IN HERE AS IF THIS WERE A PUB!
BUT I AM IN, YOU BLOODY BUTCHER... AN' I AIN'T THRU BUSTIN'!
OWW!
YA MURDERIN' MISER! IF YA LET US PUT UP MORE TIMBERING, THIS CAVE-IN WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED! I'M GOIN' TO SPLIT YOUR SKULL OPEN FOR KILLIN' MY BROTHER!
PUT DOWN THAT ANDIRON, JOHNSON!
OWW!
I THOUGHT YA WAS ON OUR SIDE, LADDIE... BUT I SEE YOU'RE LIKE YOUR OLD MAN!
SHUT UP, JOHNSON! GET TO THE CAVE-IN SHAFT! WE'RE GOING TO NEED EVERY MAN!
THANKS, SON! YOU SAVED MY LIFE! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!
I DO! LET ME TAKE THE MEN OUT OF MINE SEVEN AND PUT THEM TO WORK DIGGING OUT THE TRAPPED MINERS!
2

RELUCTANTLY, TITUS GAVE HIS SON PERMISSION AND THE RESCUE WORK BEGAN! YOUNG WARWICK DID HIS SHARE OF DIGGING TOO... AND SEVEN HOURS LATER...
WE'RE THRU! I CAN SEE SOME OF THEM!
ALIVE, LADDIE?
SILENCE SPOKE LOUDER THAN WORDS AS CLYDE AND THE MINERS LOOKED DOWN AT A SIGHT WHICH SICKENED THE STRONGEST OF THEM...
DEAD... ALL OF 'EM! AND IT'S YOUR OLD MAN'S FAULT! HE KILLED 'EM ALL!
SHUT UP, JOHNSON! DON'T TAKE OUT A FATHER'S SINS ON HIS SON!
THANKS, MORT... BUT HE'S RIGHT! THIS TIMBERING WAS WEAK AND ROTTED! NONE OF THESE PITS ARE SAFE... BECAUSE DAD THINKS SAFETY PRECAUTIONS ARE A WASTE OF MONEY!
TALK TO HIM AGAIN, CLYDE LADDIE! TRY TO CONVINCE HIM THAT SAFETY PRECAUTIONS WILL SAVE HIM HIS PRECIOUS MONEY... AND US OUR LIVES!
THAT EVENING, YOUNG WARWICK SPOKE TO HIS FATHER ABOUT THE MINERS... AND HE DIDN'T PULL HIS VERBAL PUNCHES...
...AND TODAY IT WAS ROTTED TIMBER... LAST WEEK IT WAS A SUBTERRANEAN FLOOD... TOMORROW IT'LL BE AN EXPLOSION BECAUSE THE MEN ARE STILL WEARING OPEN CANDLES ON THEIR MINING CAPS!
AND THEY'LL GO ON WEARING THEM! SAFETY LAMPS COST MONEY!
BUT THAT'S MURDER..
AND THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OF YOU, CLYDE! SHUT UP!
OWW!
FATHER AND SON STARED AT EACH OTHER! NOT A WORD WAS UTTERED! BUT A LIFE-TIME PASSED BETWEEN THEM...
THEN YOUNG WARWICK TURNED AND WALKED OUT OF THE ROOM... AND OUT OF HIS FATHER'S LIFE...

THE NEXT DAY, JUST AS HIS SON HAD PREDICTED, AN EXPLOSION ROCKED ONE OF THE MINES...

ROCK AND TIMBER CRUSHED THE MINERS...

GAS CHOKED THEM...

AIR! (COUGH!) GIVE US... AIR! (COUGH!)

AND FLAMES FED ON THOSE PINNED UNDER THE WRECKAGE...

HELP!

TWELVE MORE MINERS WERE KILLED THAT DAY... AND AFTER THE FIRE WAS EXTINGUISHED, SPOKESMEN FOR THE MINERS INVADED WARWICK'S OFFICE...

...AND IF THE MEN IN THAT HOLE WERE EQUIPPED WITH SAFETY LAMPS INSTEAD OF CANDLE LIGHTS, THAT GAS WOULDN'T HAVE EXPLODED, MR. WARWICK!

SO WE'RE HERE TO TELL YOU THAT WE AIN'T GOING DOWN INTO THE PITS UNTIL YOU SUPPLY US WITH SAFETY LAMPS AND IMPROVE CONDITIONS IN THE MINES!

AND I TELL YOU ALL TO GO TO BLAZES! YOU'LL BE BACK IN THEM PITS TOMORROW AND YOU'LL WORK... OR **STARVE!** NOW, GET OUT, THE WHOLE STINKIN' LOT OF YOU! IT'S BECAUSE OF PIGS LIKE YOU THAT MY SON LEFT ME! **GET OUT!**

WHEN THE SPOKESMEN TOLD THE OTHER MINERS WHAT OLD WARWICK'S ANSWER WAS, THE MINERS BECAME A MOB... AND **ACTED** LIKE A MOB!

LET'S HANG THE DIRTY BUTCHER!

I GOT A BETTER IDEA! LET'S SHOW HIM HOW IT FEELS TO GET BURNED TO DEATH!

A HALF-HOUR LATER, WARWICK'S MANSION WAS WRAPPED IN FIRE...

COME ON OUT, WARWICK!

HE'S AFRAID! HE'D RATHER BURN!

TITUS WARWICK **WAS** BURNING... BUT **NOT** THE WAY THE MINERS WANTED HIM TO BURN...

...AND I DEMAND A DETACHMENT OF TROOPS IMMEDIATELY... WITH ORDERS TO **SHOOT TO KILL!**

THE TROOPS CAME... BUT THEIR ORDERS WERE TO RESTORE PEACE... NOT TO KILL! IT WAS RIFLE BUTTS AGAINST PICKAXES AS THE SOLDIERS AND MINERS SLAMMED INTO EACH OTHER AGAINST THE BACKDROP OF FLAMES FROM THE BURNING MANSION!

THE RUGGED FREE-FOR-ALL WASN'T OVER UNTIL ANOTHER DETACHMENT OF TROOPS ARRIVED... EVEN THEN IT LASTED UNTIL EARLY MORNING ...

IT WAS A BIT OF A SNOW, MR. WARWICK, BUT WE GOT ALL OF 'EM UNDER CONTROL! NOW WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO WITH THE LOT OF 'EM?

IT'S NOT UP TO ME... IT'S UP TO *THEM!*

THEY HAVE A CHOICE! BACK TO THE PITS TOMORROW... WITH HALF OF EVERY DAY'S WAGES TAKEN OUT UNTIL MY HOME IS PAID FOR... *OR TO JAIL WITH THE LOT OF 'EM!*

WITH FAMILIES TO SUPPORT, THE MINERS WERE FORCED TO CHOOSE THE MINES! AND DAYS LATER, CAVE-INS CANCELLED THE DEBTS FOR SOME OF THEM...

LOOK OUT! IT'S ANOTHER CAVE-IN!

OWW!

FIREDAMP... THE EXPLOSIVE GAS GENERATED IN COAL MINES... PLUS THE OPEN FLAMES ON THE MINERS' CAPS... FREED OTHERS FROM WARWICK'S STRANGE HOLD...

FOR THE MINERS, DEATH WAS THE ONLY WAY OUT... AND WARWICK'S MINES PROVIDED THE MEANS FOR EVERY KIND OF DEATH...

BLIMEY! THE LADDER FELL APART IN HIS HANDS!

AAAAAAAYAAAA

THEN ON DEC. 24 TH, 1907, ONE OF THE GREATEST MINING DISASTERS IN HISTORY HAPPENED AT THE WARWICK MINES...
WELL, I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY, MR. WARWICK, BUT I THINK NUMBER SEVEN CAVED IN FIRST! THE VIBRATIONS MUST'VE LOOSENED THE ROTTEN TIMBERING IN NUMBER NINE AND SHE CAVED IN... THEN ELEVEN AND TWELVE FOLLOWED, AND...
WAIT! THEY'RE BRINGING UP THE FIRST VICTIM FROM BELOW! NOW I'LL KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED!
SORRY, MR. WARWICK, NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS! HE'S HURT REAL BAD! IF WE DON'T HURRY HIM TO THE HOSPITAL IT MAY MEAN THE BLOKE'S LIFE!
SHUT UP! I'M GIVING ORDERS HERE! PUT HIM DOWN! I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED DOWN THERE!
HEY, YOU! CAN YOU HEAR... GREAT SCOTT! CLYDE...MY SON! WHAT... WHAT WERE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?
WORKING, DAD! I... I WAS BORN NEAR THE MINES, AND I... I'M GOING TO DIE NEAR 'EM!
DON'T STAND THERE, YOU FOOLS! GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL! HURRY!
SORRY, MR WARWICK IT'S TOO LATE! HE'S DEAD!
WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM AWAY NOW!
OH, NO! NO! YOU... YOU CAN'T TAKE MY SON AGAIN... YOU CAN'T!
WARWICK SNATCHED HIS SON'S BODY OFF OF THE STRETCHER AND RAN TOWARD AN OPEN SHAFT...
WE'LL GO AWAY, SON... JUST YOU AND I! I...I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU, CLYDE.. FORGIVE ME!
MR. WARWICK! STOP! DON'T GO NEAR THAT SHAFT! YOUR CAP CANDLE IS LIT AND THERE'S GAS COMIN'...
NO.4
THE WARNING WAS NEVER FINISHED! THE CANDLE ON WARWICK'S CAP IGNITED THE FIREDAMP...
NO.4
AND TODAY, IN A SMALL CHURCHYARD IN ENGLAND, FATHER AND SON ARE CLOSER TOGETHER IN DEATH THAN THEY EVER WERE IN LIFE!
THE END
FOR THE BEST IN ROUGH, TOUGH, DRAMA-PACKED ADVENTURE TALES, DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE OF MEN'S ADVENTURES! THERE'S NEVER A DULL MOMENT, FROM THE RUGGED ACTION ON THE COVER, TO THE VERY LAST PAGE! LOOK FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

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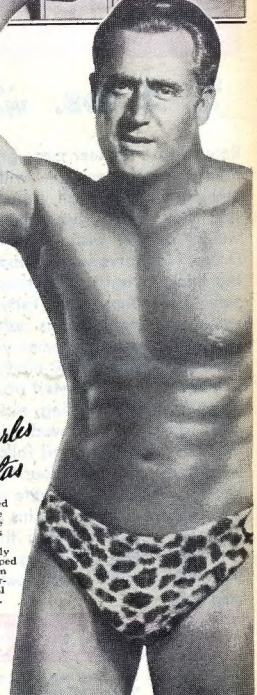

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